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Literature

The Americans at Home*

IT IS AS hard as for a woman to pass a mirror without bestowing on it a side-glance, for an American to view unmoved a new publication upon the manners and customs of his native land, written from an outsider's point of view. We pounce upon them to read with eager interest their descriptions of New York seen from the steamer's wharf, from a lift in the Buckingham or Windsor Hotel, from the boarding-house where the author's friend has recommended him to put up, or from the rotunda of one of our great shops on a bargain-day. We absorb what the person who handed him the ham-and-eggs at breakfast in the boardinghouse had to say to the writer about New York's best so-ciety, and take all imaginable pains to refute its adverse charges. We drink in the transmitted wisdom of the fel-low-passenger who had been 'across' to buy goods, and who during the voyage to America has favored him with strictures upon the habits of our millionaires at home. We pore over his description of the stations of the elevated railway with the same infatuation that induces people to crowd into a theatre to hear the chimes of Grace Church upon the stage, when by staying comfortably outside they may hear the real thing for nothing. Then, what stress we lay upon the most trivial comments of these airy tourists; how we fire with excitement when they remark upon the paving of the streets; how we stand by our ash-barrels to a man!

This supersensitiveness is what, upon the whole, foreigners seem most to enjoy in our national attitude when upon the chair of criticism. It encourages them to fresh efforts and sharpens the arrows of their wit. The entire process reminds one of the remedy for diphtheria said to have been once used in a Berkshire 'Community,' where the patient, swathed in blankets and forced to lie silent upon his couch, was exposed for an hour to the raking fire of comment from the other Brethren and Sisters upon his mental, moral, and physical peculiarities-a treatment never failing to induce the perspiration that preludes a cure. Scarcely have we re-acted from the stings of M. Max O'Rell, when we are called upon to meet the more extended and searching criticism of a lady wearing the sonorous title of Madame la Marquise de San Carlos de Pedroso, whose book, 'Les Americains chez Eux,' is one of the most recent issues of the Librairie de la Nouvelle Revue in Paris. Dedicated to the memory of 'Madam Madan, née O'Sullivan de Beerhaven, ma mere,' while recalling to many old New Yorkers a name once familiar in the social annals of their town, the volume will afford much entertainment (even more, at times, than the fair author suspects), some information, and a variety of emotions among which that of patience will not always predominate. Perhaps it may be as well to say, just here, that as for the 'jolies Americaines, prime-sautières,' 'ignorant and disdainful of all constraint,' who 'visit Paris

every season, throwing handsful of gold on all sides and shocking established usages, we give them over, neck and crop, to the flagellation of her pen. They are of the class who both in England and on the Continent continue to bring discredit upon American womanhood; by whom the stay-at-homes, the reserved, the well-bred, the carefully nurtured maidens of a thousand happy firesides are adjudged. But when it comes to a chapter describing, as follows, the 'jeune miss' of our best society upon her native heath, it were impossible not to question by what authority the writer speaks:—

Her [school] diploma once secured, she opens no books but novels . . . It is her life before the public, begun at the earliest possible period, at day-school, in boarding-houses, which bestows on her the free and easy manner which makes her remarked upon wherever she appears. She does not know how to stay at home, preferring days passed, coming and going, in the street. . . As soon as she enters society, she does exactly what comes into her head. . . . Her first care is to have a reception day, different from that selected by her mother. . . . She goes alone to the doctor, the dentist, the music-unaster, and enrols herself in the lists of clubs for fencing, German, skating, reading, baseball, singing, music, and cutting-out. . . . She prefers the society of men to that of women. . . . She combines with groups of ten to fifteen other young girls to meet at receptions, balls, and 'friendly' clubs. . . . The ambition of every young American girl is to be engaged. . . . Become a married woman, la jeune miss changes completely her manner of being, preserving of her youth but a strong taste for reading. . . As for the proprieties in general, the pretty American makes sport of them, submitting to no law save that of her own caprice.

How kind of our author to accentuate the fact that, appearances to the contrary, this irrepressible young person, being 'moralement saine,' is generally virtuous! Of interest to contemporaneous society will prove her description of a young woman's orchestra in one of the principal cities of the States, of which the members 'work with all their might during four months of the year in order to be able to play two or three grand pieces in the spring,' after which tour de force' the greater number of them will not even glance at the instrument of their passing choice during the remainder of their lives.' Mlle. X, 'tall, thin and not pretty,' resembling a spider, plays first violin, in the intervals of attendance upon the fencing-club. Add to this duty, participation in all the season's balls; and when the spring comes, Mlle. X has lost with her gaiety her allures garconnières, and resorts to a rest-cure, or crosses the ocean to display herself before the English Queen. Another astonishing type, Mlle. * *, 'the most modest of young girls,' gives an evening party where she 'reproduces for the amusement of her friends and the inmates of the boarding-house where she lives, the poses of the most remarkable statues of European galleries'!

The Marchioness has something to say in praise of the facilities in New York for taking fried oysters home, in a box, on one's way back to one's lodgings in a street-car, after an evening at the theatre. She tells with vivacity how her salon was transformed into a sleeping-room by the simple process of letting down the folding-bed. She describes the barroom of the Fifth Avenue hotel, filled with gentlemen drinking cocktails while admiring (because of the money they have cost) the Bouguereau Nymphs upon the wall. She touches upon 'Les Pieux Piqueniques du Colonel Shepard,' and reverts to the character of George Washington. She depicts a Sunday in New York where 'the children are not seen and all games are forbidden, where the old read the Bible, and the young hide themselves to devour romances. She declares that, until now, the efforts of American artists of the brush have been principally confined to the portraits of self-made men. She condenses the musical entertainment at the Metropolitan Opera House into 'five mortal hours of listening to a splendid orchestra, accompanied by uncultivated voices, vulgar in style and deplorable in method, and gives with equal frankness her views upon climate, charlatanism, religion, the public school system, literature, the dramatic art, the Pullman car, the parvenu, and the cities

^{*} Les Americains chez Eux. Par Mme, la Marquise de San Carlos de Pedrosc Paris: Librairie de la Nouvelle Revue.

of the West. It is, therefore, needless to assure the intending reader of the pages of Madame la Marquise that he will be rewarded for his pains.

The Stevens Facsimiles: Vol. IV. *

WE HAVE already reviewed the first three volumes of the Stevens Fac-similes of manuscripts in European archives relating to American affairs in the ten years from 1773 to We have now received Vol. IV., comprising 500 folio pages on hand-made paper, put up, like the others, in a strong pasteboard box backed with red leather and looking, when on the shelf, like a well-bound volume. In this box are one hundred and nine separate documents, reproduced by photographic processes in permanent print from the originals in the Auckland collection at King's College, Cambridge, and from the Carlisle manuscripts at Castle Howard-almost all of them state papers of considerable historical importance relative to the conduct of the war. It will perhaps be the best way to give an idea of the value of these papers to describe one or two of them. No. 396 is a copy of an abstract of Lord George Germain's 'most secret' letter of instructions to Gen. Sir Henry Clinton, March 8, 1778, written and endorsed by William Eden. It quotes the mention made in the original letter of 'the just ground there is to expect that the New Commission to negotiate will supercede the necessity of another campaign'; yet 'His Majesty does not think fit to slacken any Preparation which has been judged necessary for carrying on the War, it being his Majesty's firm Purpose to prosecute it with the utmost vigor in Case the Colonies shall obstinately persist in their Refusal to return to their allegiance, and pay obedience to the constitutional authority of Government.' mentions the zeal of the people of Great Britain and the 'Hope to send out in the course of the Summer 10 or 12,000 British soldiers, to which I expect will be added a Regiment or two of Germans.' And the letter goes on to order a ces-sation of land operations 'if you shall find it impracticable to bring Mr. Washington to a general and decisive engage-ment.' Instead, Sir Henry was to put his available troops on board transports and attack and ravage the coasts, especially of the 'Southern Provinces.' Document 440 contains the 'Orders and Instructions to the Earl of Carlisle, Lord Viscount Howe, Sir William Howe, William Eden and George Johnstone, Commissioners' with powers to treat 'and agree upon the means of quieting the disorders now subsisting in certain of Our Colonies, Plantations and Provinces in North America.' It is signed by King George at beginning and end. It gives very detailed instructions for arranging a truce and for conceding point after point, if necessary, in negotiating the proposed settlement.

Each fac-simile is like the original, not only in the matter of penmanship, blots and erasures, but in the very tone of the faded ink. A large number of these fac-similes will be made from the manuscripts in Her Majesty's Public Record Office, in the British Museum, the French Government Offices, the Hague and Spain. When in foreign languages a translation will be added, and each fac-simile is supplied with a statement indicating the location of its original, its duplicates or copies, and other information concerning it. The work is expected to be completed in one hundred volumes, issued to subscribers only at \$25 the volume, or \$100 for any five consecutive volumes. We need hardly refer again to its undoubted value to students of history, attested by the commendations, among others, of the Hon. James Russell Lowell, Mr. Henry G. Marquand, the Hon. John Bigelow and Mr. Francis Parkman.

HARRIET SCHULTZ tells in the September Wide Awake the story of 'Helen's Tower,' the edifice erected by Lord Dufferin in memory of his mother, Lady Gifford, which has been immortalized in verse by Browning and Tennyson.

Poetry and Verse *

AN EDITION of the poems by Mr. Lewis Morris, complete in one volume of five hundred double column pages, has recently been published by Messrs. Longmans & Co., and those who are fond of this author's verse can now obtain all of it in very convenient shape (1). We have never been able to discover the reason for the popularity which Mr. Morris's poetical works have achieved, and we have never been able to get much poetry out of them. His verses impress us as being the result of a great deal of hard labor: perhaps that is why this volume is entitled 'The Works of Lewis Morris.' We are glad, however, to have Mr. Morris's dictum regarding the question of a successor to the Laureate: so far as we can judge, he is right:—

Master and friend, stay yet, for there is none Worthy to take thy place to-day, or wear Thy laurel when thy singing days are done.

From the same publishers we receive 'Life and Its Author' (2), by the mother of the romancer Mr. H. Rider Haggard, who contributes a rather badly written memoir of the authoress. The poem, which is written in rhymed pentameter couplets, has for its object the 'vindication of God's Majesty as the Originator and Upholder of all the Wonders of Creation.' The only reason we can see for bringing out this edition, which is the third, is that given by Mr. Haggard, who wishes it 'to stand as the literary memorial' of his mother. Possibly Mr. Andrew Lang's recently expressed opinion of this poem has had something to do with its appearance. The fate of any book must hang upon the word of Mr. Lang

of Mr. Lang.

The Rev. Henry Francis Cary's translation of 'Dante's Paradiso' (3) is now published in Bohn's Select Library, and is to be had for sixty cents, printed in good type and accompanied by all the numerous notes. 'May Blossoms' (4) is a little book of verses by a child, some of them written between the ages of seven and thirteen years. The proper place for these blossoms was in the portfolio-tree whence they were shaken. The only ridiculous thing about this daintily bound booklet is the Preface written by the unknown quantities W. T. V. Z.: Lilian should have been allowed to write her own preface. Once more a volume of poems from the press of John B. Alden. This time the poet is Mary C. Ryan. We are sorry for Miss Ryan: her 'Poems of Hope' (5) are quite hopeless. More hopeless poems are those by Mr. Sylvester Graham Vance, who writes and publishes his own verse. Someone else should do both for him. Mr. Vance's tome is entitled 'Lord Healey, and Other Poems' (6), but there is no poetry in the book. There is a woful lot of stuff like this, though:—

'She wenteth forth ere you came in!'
The champion speaketh with his might!
And why should daughter for the sin,
Set up a Mrs. Jenks to sight?

Bishop Foster's "Studies in Theology"+

The venerable and vigorous Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church who sends forth these portly volumes, like the advance ships of a fleet to follow, has taken a somewhat different method of presentation from that of fellow dognaticians in theology. Instead of giving the formal results of a life spent in theological research as magisterial verdicts, he has rather chosen to exhibit the whole field, and to show the resources of attack and defence possessed by those who struggle together toward the goal of truth $(\pi\rho\sigma s)$ $\tau\sigma$ $\rho\omega s$, as his title-page motto has it). He does not consider that those who seem to argue against the faith which was once for all delivered to the saints are necessarily ene-

^{*} Facsimiles of Manuscripts Relating to America. Edited by B. F. Stevens, Vol. IV. \$25. London: B. F. Stevens.

^{* 1.} The Works of Lewis Morris. \$2. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 2. Life and Its Author. By Ella Haggard. \$1.35. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 3. Dante's Paradiso. Trans, by Rev. H. F. Cary. New York: Scribner & Welford. May Blossoms. By Lilian. \$1. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5. Poems of Hope. By Mary C. Ryan. New York: John B. Alden. 6. Lord Healey, and Other Poems. By S. G. Vance. Marshalltown, Iowa: S. G. Vance. + Studies in Theology: I. Prolegomena. II. Theism. III. The Supernatural Book. By Randolph S. Foster. \$9. New York: Hunt & Eaton.

mies; for every chapter if not every page of his work shows that he discriminates clearly between the unchangeable substance of truth, and the changing shadows of man's inter-pretation of it. True, he ascribes the tendency to atheism to the perennial root of sensuality and ignorance, and holds tenaciously to the conviction that sin and various forms of wrong-heartedness have much to do with wrong-headedness, or heterodoxy. Like the genuine Methodist that he is, he closes the long preface of the initial volume with an exhor-

Yet, unless we mistake not, these volumes, so freighted with wisdom, so full of fearless and honest inquiry, so instinct with the spirit of both wide view and patient waiting, will be read far beyond the pale of Methodism. It is quite certain that while in the volume on 'The Supernatural Book,' for example, the average critical scholar may not accept the Bishop's presentation as sufficiently representing the soundest and best Biblical science of to-day, the people on the other hand whose eyes and thoughts are in the past only will rate the author as too advanced and even iconoclastic in some of his 'liberal' statements. Underneath the desire on the surface to be square with his orthodox brethren, there breathes the spirit of admiration for and profoundest sympathy with all inquirers for truth. Especially is this trait prominent in the volume on theism. As The Critic is not a religious, much less a denominational, newspaper, we do not feel obliged to further pronounce upon the theological opinions, but shall content ourselves with expressing our sincere admiration for the limpid flow and crystalline clearness of the language, and the felicitous combination of ancient gravity and sobriety with nineteenth century directness in the diction. The language is that of the people, or of the average, sensible, fairly well educated man, rather than cf the cloistered theologian. Evidently Bishop Foster's study is outdoors as well as in book land, on the streets and before audiences as well as in front of book-racks and in alcoves.

Vol. I. (though the volumes are not numbered or otherwise serially indicated) treats of 'The Philosophical Basis of Theology; or, Rational Principles of Religious Faith'; Vol. II. of 'Cosmic Theism; or, The Theism of Nature'; Vol. III. of 'The Supernatural Book.' While lists of authorities are referred to, and good introductions are provided, there is no index-an inexcusable lack, unless a later volume is to contain one; yet, even in that case, each volume should have its own table of reference. In mechanical outfit-type, paper and binding-the books are of

the first class.

"The Passion Play as It is Played To-Day"*

AT OBER AMMERGAU, the Passion Play will not be over until the end of September, and for weeks to come Americans as well as Europeans will flock to see the mediæval theatricals. Mr. William T. Stead, already well known as editor and author, has issued a most desirable libretto of the play, which seems to contain pretty much everything necessary for the enjoyment of the spectacle. In a wide pamphlet of one hundred and thirty pages bound in red boards, he gives the German text, with parallel English translation, The Passion Play, as It is Played To-Day at Ober Ammergau.' The introductory matter is of great value, including preface, table-of-contents, and pithy chapters entitled 'The Story that Transformed the World,' Ober Ammergau and Its Vow' (with a numbered plan of the theatre, and prices of the seats), and 'The Theatre of the Passion Play.'
Then follow specimens of the music, in musical notation, the names of the performers, and the parts taken by the actors. The fourth division of the book fills ninety-six pages, and gives the text of the Passion Play, from the entry of Jesus into Jerusalem until his arrest in the Garden of Gethsemane, and finally the Ascension. The dialogues,

• The Passion Play as It is Played To-Day, By W. T. Stead. \$1. New York: Charles E. Merrill & Co.

solos in speech and song, tableaux, explanatory and corrective paragraphs are given bilingually in regular order, the English being a very free translation of the German. Chap. V. treats of 'The Gospel According to St. Daisenberger,' which is 'as if the gospel from the stained-glass windows of our cathedrals had suddenly taken living bodily shape and transacted itself once more before our astonished eyes.' After Chap. VI. ('Some General Reflections') there is a most practical appendix, telling the reader 'how to get to Ober Ammergau,' with map, itinerary, time card, costs, place to buy photographs, etc. The book also contains about thirty-five full-page pictures transferred from actual photographs of the tableaux, and the actors. These are almost as valuable as the text itself and are intensely interesting, being clear and full of human interest and life-like expression. Altogether the book is of unique and timely

Recent Fiction

'THE PHANTOM RICKSHAW' (the latter term is Anglo-Indian for the Japanese jin-riki-sha, or man-power carriage) will rank with the best approved ghost-stories. Of the other tales by Rudyard Kipling bound up with it, the best and the longest is that of 'The Man who should be King.' The story of the two 'loafers,' or tramps, as we should call them in America, whose fourteen years in British India, since their career in Roberts's army was ended, were spent in 'doing' the country (in both senses) on foot, as boiler, fifters, engine-drivers, petty contractors, black mailers of ended, were spent in 'doing' the country (in both senses) on foot, as boiler-fitters, engine-drivers, petty contractors, blackmailers of small native states, prospectors and bogus newspaper correspondents, and who at last determined to become kings, is too good not to be true—at least in part. After swindling some native ruler, they put the proceeds of their industry into Martini rifles and paper whirligigs, and make their way into Kaffiristan, where they kill some of the natives, astound the others by initiating them into the mysteries of Freemasonry, and are made kings and worshipped as gods. 'The Strange Ride of Marrowbie Jukes' leads him into a cost of sand strange haves whose who have returned to life after a sort of sand trap, where those who have returned to life after a trance are, if we are to trust the story, kept in durance according to Brahman law. Four tales of child-life follow, the best of which is 'The Drums of the Fore and Aft.' (50 cts. John W. Lovell

A NOVEL IN WHICH the coarser springs of human action are the theme may succeed, it is well known, in the absence of higher recommendation. In 'The Burnt Million,' by Mr. James Payn, the theme is the foolish will of a millionaire money-lender, and the efforts of a supposed consummate roque—or, as the author thinks he would be called in America, 'a boss scoundrel'—to circumvent it. The story is put together in a rather slovenly manner, motives and incidents being alike improbable. It contains no less than half a dozen sudden deaths, three hair breadth escapes, an unnecessary dog, a 'hunter of the Plains,' and plots and mysteries innumerable. Yet, despite all these, and the million of money which is not burnt, but only the document which would entitle one of the characters to it—the latter half of the book is not the light-est reading. The opening chapters are enlivened by two portraits from the life—the money-lender Tremenhere, and his client Lord Cheribert-who disappear at an early stage of the story. (25 cts. Harper & Bros.)

THE DRAMA of North and South must have had many epilogues like that of 'Throckmorton,' by Molly Elliot Seawell. Gen. Tem-ple of Severn Neighborhood was a monster of perfection except when he had the gout, had been famous during the War for going where his command could not follow him (like another Coriolanus), and resented with his boot jack his nurse Delilah's efforts to convert him to the doctrines of the 'The Foot-Washin' Baptisses.' Gen. Temple has a daughter Jacqueline and a daughter-in-law Gen. Temple has a daughter jacqueine and a daughter heavily Judith, who in succession made havoc with the heart of Major George Throckmorton, Virginian born, but loyal to the Union. The Major, come back to his house at Millenbeck on a year's leave, fights over his old battles with the General and succumbs to Miss Jacqueline's glances. But that young lady sets her heart on a less worthy neighbor, and dies in consequence. Then, after a decent interval, the Major finds his true mate in the widow, Judith. The pages of 'Throckmorton' are alive with picturesque sketches of plantation scenes and manners, its humor is never forced and its pathos is not overdone. It is a novel to linger over, and there are passages which will bear reading more than once. (50 cts. D. Appleton & Co.)

SOMETHING OF VICTOR HUGO (what he might easily spare), a deal of Eugène Sue, and the feuilletons of the Paris penny-papers might furnish forth such another 'Romance' as Félix Pyat's 'The Rag-Pickers of Paris,' translated from the French by Benjamin R. Tucker. There is a great deal of indignation with matters and things in general, much unsavory conversation between Gavard and Gripon, a Duke who turns rag-picker and then murderer—all the materials for a telling melodrama are here served up in short paragraphs and small type. A drama there has been, as we learn from the author's preface, from which the romance has been made as Duval soup is made from Liebig essence. The drama was a tremendous success, and the author hopes that the book may also be a success. He advertises it as neither Romantic Art nor Naturalistic Art, but Socialistic Art, and seems to think that in so doing he proves it better art than either of the other kinds. We fail, ourselves, to appreciate its socialism, but can recommend it to those who would sup full of horrors. (50 cts. Boston: B. R. Tucker.)

'A PRANKSOME PAIR' (the translator's or the publisher's clumsy substitute for the title of Ginisty's 'Un Petit Ménage') recounts the fooleries of a young couple, not satisfied with a humdrum married life and determined on varying it by make-believe quarrels, adventures and reconciliations. They at last venture on a mock divorce which the wife decides to make real, at least for a season. The translator's 'preface' suggests the presence of improprieties of a sort not to be found in the book. (Belford & Co.)—MAUPASSANT'S 'Pierre et Jean,' recently noticed in The Critic, is printed in Clara Bell's translation under the title of 'The Two Brothers' in Lovell's Series of Foreign Literature, the illustrations of the original (French) edition being reproduced. (50 cts. John W. Lovell Co.)—'COUNT' ZUBOF'S 'Viera,' of which we had nothing to say in praise when it appeared from the press of T. Y. Crowell Co., has changed publishers without profit, though a sketch of the author's life now precedes the story. (50 cts. American News Co.)

Minor Notices

NOT THE LEAST of the merits of Prof. David Masson's edition of the Collected Writings of De Quincey is the excellent classification of allied subjects, and the gathering of these into single volumes, so that he whose purse, unfortunately, does not warrant the purchase of the whole set can yet cheaply obtain his choice. Vol. IX., which has a good portrait of David Ricardo, is devoted to Political Economy and Politics. Eight pages of preface, lively and informing, are contributed by the editor, besides many important foot-notes passim. De Quincey criticises Malthus on Population, and on the measure of Value, casts most of his knowledge and speculation about political economy in the form of six 'Dialogues of Three Templars,' in a brief study compares Ricardo and Adam Smith, and devotes one hundred and thirty-nine pages to 'The Logic of Political Economy.' In 'The Falsification of English History' he vigorously thrashes certain clerical historiographers, and exploits his favorite thesis, that the English Constitution was in great measure gradually evolved in the contest between the different parties in the reign of Charles I. Other interesting papers are 'A Tory's Account of Toryism, Whiggism and Radicalism,' 'On the Political Parties of Modern England,' 'California and the Gold-Digging Mania,' and 'Kant's Idea of a Universal History on a Cosmopolitan Plan.' (\$1.25. Macmillan & Co.)

LADY MAGNUS'S 'Outlines of Jewish History' purports to tell the history of the Jews from Biblical times to the present day, in a form fit for use in schools and homes. The book has presumably accomplished its result, as it is now offered to the American public in a revised and enlarged edition. Reviewing a period of nearly 2500 years, the writer has crowded into her narrative all the events and personages that go to make up the altogether unique history of her people during so many centuries. The work shows conscientious and painstaking study, and the natural sympathy of race; but so rapid a survey and so limited a point of view can present little more than a statement of compiled and accredited facts, and can scarcely be expected to throw any new light upon a subject that requires at once freedom and subtlety of treatment, and breadth as well as depth of vision. (Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society.)—The 'Evolution of the University,' an address delivered last year by Geo. E. Howard before the Alumni of the University of Nebraska, is a rather superficial work, which yet contains some instructive as well as interesting matter. Prof. Howard takes no notice of the schools of Athens and Alexandria, in which the higher education originated, but begins his account with the founding of the Universities of Paris and Bologna. Passing from

there to Oxford and Cambridge, he shows how the development of the college system gradually changed the character of the university, a character that has been impressed on American schools. The changes now going on in American colleges and universities he attributes mainly to German influence, and extols them highly. (Lincoln: Alumni Association of the University.)

AT THE MEETING of the New York State Teachers' Association in July, State Superintendent Andrew S. Draper, read an address on the 'Origin and Development of the New York Common School System,' which is now published as a pamphlet. Mr. Draper begins with a brief account of what the Dutch did for public instruction in New York City during the period of their rule, and expresses the opinion that our school system owes more to them than to the English. The real beginning of the public schools of the State dates, however, from the year 1795, when an act was passed providing for the establishment of schools throughout the State, to be supported in part by State or municipal taxation and in part by fees from the students. This fee system was perpetuated for a long time, and it is only in quite recent years that the schools have become entirely free. Mr. Draper devotes considerable space to the academies and normal schools that have been provided for the training of teachers, a matter which he deems of the highest importance; and closes his sketch with an account of the various associations of teachers that have been formed in the State, and of their influence on public instruction. (Albany: State Printer.)

AS TO NEATNESS of impression and exactness of registering, the colored prints of Tenniel's famous illustrations in the 'Nursery' edition of 'Alice in Wonderland' leave nothing to be desired. The color, however, in but few cases adds to the humor of the drawings, though it will undoubtedly make them more popular with very young readers. The text has been 'adapted' by the author to the needs of the small public to which the 'Nursery 'Alice'' is addressed. A very pretty cover, designed by F. Gertrude Thomson, binds the new 'Alice,' who will now take her place with the oldest favorites of her kind, such as Mother Hubbard and the never-to-be-forgotten Jack of the Bean-Stalk. (\$1.50. Macmillan & Co.)

MR. JAMES PAYN makes an excellent impression in his 'Notes from the News,' paragraphs culled from his contributions to 'Our Note-Book' in The Illustrated London News. These are all that a newspaper paragraph should be—short, crisp, telling, and written in good English. Though brought out by occurrences of the moment, many of them are on subjects of more than passing interest. The 'best hundred books' discussion is glanced at, apropos of Mr. Balfour's 'courage' in entering into it; Prof. Mahaffy is taken to task anent the false lights he has thrown on the art of conversation; the extravagance of literary men who let themselves be buried by the New York Press Club; Zadkiel's almanack; the 'Whistling Lady,' and the Queen's cats are touched upon—lightly. On the other hand our author plunges deep into Rabbinical literature, the ancient classics and the British poets, and generally comes up with the pebble that he dived for—or some other one. (50 cts. John W. Lovell Co.) —MRS. JULIA N. JACKSON'S 'Winter Holiday in Summer Lands' is a sprightly, unpretentious account of a run in mid-winter through Cuba and Mexico. It is full of an agreeable humor that saves so hackneyed a theme from becoming commonplace. The writer has keen eyes, sharp sensibilities, shrewd powers of observation, and a pleasant style. The haps and mishaps of this little voyage are hardly worth recording, and yet they linger smilingly in the memory. (\$1.25. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

'LOOKING FURTHER FORWARD,' by Richard Michaelis, is designed as an answer to Bellamy's 'Looking Backward.' It takes up the experience of Julian West after he enters on his duties as Professor of History in Shawmut College, and re-introduces Dr. Leete and his daughter. The greater part of the book consists of conversations between West and Mr. Forest, his predecessor in the professorship, in which Forest shows very plainly that the state of society in the year 2000 is anything but the idyllic condition that Mr. Bellamy represented. The principal charge that Mr. Michaelis brings against 'nationalism' is that it is a system of tyranny, not only worse than any recorded in history, but the most outrageous and most complete that has ever been conceived; and he ably supports this charge. He shows also how corruption would flourish under such a system, and how those in authority and their favorites would overdraw the amount of their yearly 'credit cards' to any extent they pleased; and Mr. Forest more than intimates that Dr. Leete's remarkably pleasant life and prosperous circumstances

are due to this cause. The author points out, as others have done, that 'nationalism' assumes a moral perfection that does not exist in human nature, and will not exist in any near future, and shows the absurdity of supposing that the adoption of communism will make all men good. In short, most of the author's criticisms of the 'national' system are excellent, though they are not new; but when he presents his own remedies for the economic evils of the time, he is not equally successful. His panacea is voluntary cooperation among laborers; but in addition to this, he advocates a vast extension of state interference. Thus, he would have the state own and operate all railroads; he would forbid any man's owning more than forty acres of land in the country or more than one house in the city; and he would tax all large inheritances and gifts fifty per cent. It is not in this way that the problems of our time will be solved. (Rand, McNally & Co.)

WE HAVE RECEIVED a 'Summary of the Seventh Annual Report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor of the State of New York.' It is devoted entirely to a review of the strikes, lockouts and boycotts of the five years 1885-89, giving their causes and results and the costs to both employers and employed. Every endeavor has been made to secure accuracy in all statements and statistics, the workmen and capitalists of over eleven thousand establishments having been applied to for information. The total number of strikes in the State during the five years is given as 9384; but it must be remembered that when a strike affects several establishments, the difficulty at each establishment is reckoned as a separate strike. Of the whole number 62 per cent. are represented as successful, and nearly 37 per cent. as unsuccessful, while the remainder were pending when the report was made up. An elaborate table is given, showing the causes of the various strikes, from which it appears that 41 per cent. were due to the question of wages, while disputes about hours of labor were the next most fruitful cause. The cost to the laborers of the strikes enumerated was over \$8,000,000, while the gain in wages for the five years was over \$8,000,000. Commissioner Peck believes that strikes are on the whole beneficial to the laborers, not only in raising wages but also in securing more favorable arrangements in regard to methods of work, hours of labor, etc. He adds, however, that his investigations show that 'strikes are only resorted to as the last remedy against grievances.' The whole report will be interesting to those concerned in any way with labor disputes. (Albany: State Printer.')

'THE TAKING OF LOUISBURG' was one of the greatest events in American colonial history, and especially in the development of New England. In the series of handy volumes on Decisive Events in American History, which Lee & Shepard publish, it well deserved a monograph. Mr. Samuel Adams Drake rounds out his dozen of books by writing about this great event of 1745. He has visited the site of the French city of the lilies, and walked over the grass-covered casemates and ruins of the great French fortress on the Cape Breton coast. He has also read what the old libraries tell of the political and military problems which presented themselves to France and Old and New England in the eighteenth century. He tells a spirited story of the war, of the rousing of New England, and of her farmer-battalions and fishermen-fleets led by Sir William Pepperell, of the siege, and of the moving incidents of the campaign. In notes, each as rich as a ripe nut, he shows us what became of many of the men who before Louisburg were unconsciously training themselves for later frontier and revolutionary service, and thus helping to make the United States. A chapter of 'Afterthoughts' and an index complete a well-made book and a most interesting story. (50 cts. Lee & Shepard.)

Magazine Notes

The English Illustrated for August has a handsomely illustrated article on the rocky isle of Heligoland just ceded, in exchange for Zanzibar, by England to Germany. Its cliffs and surf and fishermen and terraced streets make charming pictures, which are very well engraved. An August ramble down the upper Thames is illustrated by woodcuts after photographs taken by the author, Reginald Blunt, and may serve to introduce American tourists to some of the most characteristically English landscape in England. 'Cowes Castle,' the headquarters of the Royal Yacht Squadron, is written of by Lady Fairlie Cunningham, and is shown in its present condition and as it appeared in 1801, the latter picture being from a contemporary print. 'The Romance of a Grande Dame' describes a strange visit of the Comtesse d'Egmont to the old Vidame de Poitiers. 'The Gift of the Sea' is a short poem by Rudyard Kipling; 'Middle Class Emigration' is a practical article by Howard Hodgkin; and there is an instalment of 'The Glittering Plain.'

Apropos of M. Jules Lemaitre, Mr. Brander Matthews gives a brilliant little critique of modern criticism in the September Cosmopolitan. His subject, he says, is a master of the 'third kind of criticism,' which abdicates all inherited authority and does not pretend to scientific exactitude. He is withal a thorough Frenchman with none of M. Paul Bourget's curiosity about foreign literatures. He is, as a critic, a nephew of Sainte-Beuve, but 'plus fin du siècle.' There are portraits of MM. Lemaitre, Georges Ohnet, Daudet, Renan and Zola. Charles Stuart Pratt treats of Oberländer, the German humorist, and gives a liberal selection from his queer caricatures, in which the beasts of the field and the menagerie play parts never dreamt of by Æsop. There are illustrated articles on 'Transplanted American Beauty,' 'The Swedish Military Forces,' and 'Diplomatic Life at the Court of Persia,' and two stories—'A Successful Man 'and 'A Comedy of Courtship.' Miss Bisland, in her trip around the world, reaches Brindisi; and Mr. Henry Clews gives the readers of The Cosmopolitan the benefit of his notions as to the 'Ethics of Wall Street.'

Dr. Andrew D. White takes up 'The Fall of Man' in his Warfare of Science paper in the September Popular Science Monthly, showing how scientific evidence has gradually rolled up, till its weight forces the conclusion that man has had no fall from a high estate, but that, from low beginnings in the distant past, he has been continuously rising. This is one of the strongest papers in the series. Prof. Huxley has written a keen and thorough-going criticism of the account of Noah's flood from the scientific stand-point, under the title of 'The Lights of the Church and the Light of Science.' The conclusion of Mr. Edward Atkinson's 'Common Sense Applied to the Tariff Question' contains first a strong plea for the interests of those concerned with the tariff only as consumers, whom Mr. Atkinson estimates at eighty per cent. of the number engaged in gainful pursuits in the United States. This is followed by official estimates and returns, which show that the ordinary or peace expenses of the Government could be amply covered by taxing nothing but spirits, beer, tobacco, and sugar. An account of the building up and washing away of the narrow sandy islands near Sandy Hook, Long Branch, and Cape May, illustrating similar action that is going on all along our eastern shores, is presented by F. J. H. Merrill. 'Barrier Beaches of the Atlantic Coast' is what he calls his paper.

Our "Forty Immortals"

[The Nation, August 21, 1890.]

WE ANALYZED, not long since, three books about American authors, with the result of discovering that the headquarters of our authorship still remains, very much as of old, in Massachusetts, New York, and Connecticut. Another way of following up the same inquiry is by analyzing the so-called 'American Academy,' devised by the New York Critic, and consisting originally of 'forty immortals'—to adopt the ambitious French phrase—selected by a constituency of about 130 voters from among the readers of that weekly. This balloting took place in 1884, and the result certainly showed a rather miscellaneous and haphazard selection, the eminent historian, Francis Parkman, standing at the bottom of the list of forty, with nominees like Charles A. Dana and D. G. Mitchell far above him. This was not altogether strange, for of course every such ballot must vary with the personal equation of the newspaper calling for it. If the call had proceeded from the New York Independent, for instance, it is quite certain that the Rev. Dr. Storrs would have found a place among the 'immortals'; the readers of the Boston Literary World would have been very likely to substitute the present editor of The Atlantic Monthly for the editor of the New York Sun; while the constituency of the Chicago America would have been pretty sure to claim places for Gen. Lew Wallace and Maurice Thompson, neither of whom seems to have received a single vote from the electors commissioned by The Critic.* Nevertheless, the outcome was, after all, a more reasonable list than might have been predicted, and probably better than would have been brought together by Presidential nomination, Congressional committee, or popular election. In creating the National Academy of Science, it will be remembered, there was a good deal of miscellaneousness in the original membership; and it has required a gradual elimination through years, by death or otherwise, of the less desirable material, to produce the present picked body. This was a difficult process to carry on even in pure

^{*} Each of these gentlemen received one vote, if not more.-EDS. CRITIC.

in the original list. The men thus chosen are the following, in the order given: R. W. Gilder, Phillips Brooks, C. E. Norton, F. J. Child, F. R. Stockton, H. C. Lea, A. D. White, H. H. Furness, and

Joel Chandler Harris.

All this may seem to the public, as it very likely does to the participants, to be rather in the nature of a joke. Yet it has a certain interest, as had the three books of biography just mentioned, in the light it throws on the geographical distribution of those who are, or purport to be, our leading authors. An analysis of the final list of forty, viewed in respect to habitat, shows the following results: — Massachusetts: Aldrich, Brooks, Cable, Child, Fiske, Frothingham, Hale, Higginson, Holmes, Howells, Lowell, Norton, Parkman, Whittier (14). New York: Burroughs, Curtis, Dana, Gilder, Hawthorne, Stedman, Stoddard, Tyler, White (9). Connecticut: Clemens, Fisher, Lathrop, Mitchell, Porter, Warner, Whitney (7). New Jersey: Stockton, Whitman (2). Pennsylvania: Furness, Lea (2). England: Harte, James (2). District of Columbia: Bancroft (1). Michigan: Winchell (1). Georgia: Harris (1). Italy: Story (1). If, now, we make inquiry as to the birthplaces of these forty selected authors, we find the same result established—New England having a very marked majority, and Massachusetts alone affording nearly half. The analysis is as follows: Massachusetts: Bancroft, Brooks, Child, Fisher, Frothingham, Hale, Hawthorne, Higginson, Holmes, Lowell, Norton, Parkman, Stoddard, Story, Warner, Whittier, Whitney (17). New York: Burroughs, Harte, James, Whitman, Winchell, White (6). Connecticut: Fiske, Mitchell, Porter, Stedman, Tyler (5). Pennsylvania: Furness, Lea, Stockton (3). New Hampshire: Aldrich, Dana (2). Rhode Island: Curtis (1). New Jersey: Gilder (1). Georgia: Harris (1). Louisiana: Cable (1). Ohio: Howells (1). Missouri: Clemens (1). Hawaiian Islands: Lathrop (1). How far this precedence extend also to weight of metal must be left to the judgment of each reader. New England and New York is seems, still furnish the bulk of the recognized authors of the nation, although Dr. Eggleston, in his 'History of the United States and its People' (p. 381), mentions it as the leading characteristic of the 'pre

And Now for "Twenty Immortelles"

YIELDING to an apparently general desire on the part of our readers, which has found expression many times in private letters addressed to the editors, as well as in the printed comments on our Academy composed exclusively of men, we take pleasure in hereby throwing open the polls again, this time for the election of an Academy to be composed of the twenty writers whom our readers deem the truest representatives of what is best in cultivated American womanhood. Voters should be careful not to put more than twenty names upon their lists, and to write only on one side of the paper. Every list must contain the writer's name and address, though these will not be published. If the balloting proceeds as briskly as we expect it to, the result will be announced in The Critic of Oct. 25.

Inscription for a Memorial Bust of Fielding

[The Atlantic Monthly, August, 1890.]

HE looked on naked Nature unashamed,
And saw the Sphinx, now bestial, now divine,
In change and rechange; he nor praised nor blamed,
But drew her as he saw with fearless line.
Did he good service? God must judge, not we;
Manly he was, and generous and sincere;
English in all, of genius blithely free:
Who loves a Man may see his image here.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,

Walter Howe

WHAT MAKES it possible for a literary journal to call attention to the death of Walter Howe by drowning at Newport on the 22d inst. is the fact that, in February last, he brought out a book, his publishers being the Messrs. Putnam. 'The Garden as Considered in Literature by Certain Polite Writers,' noticed in The Critic of May 3, is one of the daintiest volumes in the dainty series of Knickerbocker Nuggets. The little book has a portrait of William Kent, 'the father of modern gardening,' and an introduction from the editor's pen; and the 'polite writers' from whose works it is made up are, among others, the older and the younger Pliny, Bacon, Sir William Temple, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, Goldsmith, Walpole and Evelyn. Mr. Howe's introduction revealed not only a wide acquaintance with the literature of his subject, but a fine, discriminating taste in all that pertains to the ornamentation of parks and private grounds, and provoked in the New Yorker who read it a feeling of regret that the author was not a member of our Park Board, instead of an Aqueduct Commissioner. For some time Mr. Howe had been a special partner of G. P. Putnam's Sons. Although he occasionally made use of his pen, his lifework lay in other than literary lines. He was a lawyer by profession, and for several years was a member of the Legislature, where he was associated with Mr. Theodore Roosevelt in effecting various reforms in our city government. He was an active member of the Century and Union League Clubs, among others, and of the Bar Association and New England Society. A Republican in politics, he was never a partisan, and his activity in public life was due solely to a sense of civic duty. It is not too much to say that his death at the early age of forty-one is a severe blow to the city in which he declared himself proud to have been born.

Frederic Henry Hedge

THE REV. FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE, D.D., LL.D., for many years Professor of the German Language and Literature at Harvard University, died on the 21st inst. at Cambridge, Mass., where, on Dec. 12, 1805 he had been born. For many years his name had stood at the head of the list of officers at the University, by reason of college seniority. To a former generation of Cambridgeans the face of his father, Prof. Levi Hedge, author of a noted System of Logic (1818) was equally well-known. At the age of thirteen Dr. Hedge accompanied George Bancroft to Europe, and five years' study in Hanover and Saxony laid deep the foundations of his knowledge of the German tongue. He returned to Cambridge in 1823 and graduated at Harvard in 1825. He was the poet of his class, whose sole surviving member is now Mr. Francis Oliver Dorr, of Troy, N. Y. He was graduated from the Divinity School in 1828; was ordained in West Cambridge (now Arlington) in 1829; in 1835 he took charge of the Independent Congregational Church at Bangor, Me.; in 1850 was called to the Westminster Church at Providence, R. I., and in 1856 went to Brookline, Mass. He was teacher of Ecclesiastical History at the University Divinity School from 1857 to 1877, and held the Professorship of German from 1872 to 1881. His publications include 'The Prose Writers of Germany (1848, Porter & Coates), 'Christian Liturgy for the Use of the Church' (1853), 'Reason in Religion' (1865), 'The Primeval World of Hebrew Tradition' (1870), 'The Ways of the Spirit, and Other Essays' (1888), and 'Metrical Translations [from the German] and Poems' (1888), Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), produced in collaboration with Mrs. A. L. Wister (née Furness), the popular translator of German novels. Roberts Bros. are the publishers of all but the first and last of these works. For some years, beginning about 1857, he edited The Christian Examiner. In Dr. Schaff's 'Encyclopedia of Living Divines' we find, between quotation marks, this reference to his theological opinions:—'As a preacher he is connected wi

Dr. Hedge's extraordinary memory was a source of great comfort to him since he had not been able to read, or to hear reading long at a

ti ne. He could read to himself, from memory, repeating long passages from favorite authors and reciting from the translations he had made from the German. The quality of his mind was always of singular completeness, and in failing health he found pleasure in intellectual memories. His self-possession, his poise and calm, were remarked, even in these later days. As long as possible he was glad to welcome his friends. About a year ago he was made happy by a visit from Dr. Furness of Philadelphia, who is the 'old man beautiful' to all who know him. A full-length portrait of Dr. Hedge hangs in one of the rooms of old University Hall at Cambridge, painted by Miss Caroline Cranch, daughter of his longtime neighbor and friend, the poet Christopher P. Cranch. It shows the fine presence of the honored minister most admirably.

The eulogy of Dr. Hedge must be the praise of the high moral, intellectual and liberal life of half a century in New England. All the best results to our progress which have come from the fervor for thought of that band of enthusiasts who used to meet with Dr. Channing and railied about Emerson—a fervor that lasted in a long life of fine usefulness—these are all to be counted, as with sadness and affection his old friends pay their last tributes to the dead.

Damien, Stevenson and Dr. Hyde.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:-

I rise to be counted. When the tellers have reported to the Chair, it will be found that the number of those who do not take Mr. Stevenson's view of the Damien matter is at least one hundred per cent. greater than you say it is in *The Critic* of Aug. 23. It happened that, at the time that Stevenson's diatribe appeared, I had a correspondent at Honolulu, a gentleman who had visited all parts of the world; had been accustomed to mingle with men and parts of the world; had been accustomed to mingle with men and to judge of them; a gentleman who had no sympathy with the particular religious body to which Dr. Hyde acknowledges allegiance, and a gentleman who had peculiarly good opportunities for knowing the facts in regard to this case. I happen not to belong to Dr. Hyde's religious body.

The subject is far too gross to be discussed in your columns; and I will only say that my correspondent assures me that, as a result of investigation by unbiassed scientific men and others, it is as certain as anything based upon evidence can be that all that Dr.

certain as anything based upon evidence can be, that all that Dr. Hyde said was true, and that his statements were under the truth. In Honolulu, Stevenson's production was looked upon as that of a man who saw a good opportunity to make a sensation, and who made it without regard to consequences. There, his words had no effect 'except to raise a newspaper row.' Let us be just; let us be honorable; let us not be moved by the rhetoric of a trained writer. I believe in fair-play. CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Aug. 23, 1890. ARTHUR GILMAN.

The Lounger

I AM AFRAID my friend Pitticus is not a 'born writer,' though he lives by the sweat of his brow. I dropped in upon him this summer at his country home, and although I unconsciously intruded upon his working hours, he was evidently glad of an excuse to lay down his pen and take me out for a stroll through the garden. When I suggested that his time was valuable, he insisted on my seeing his verbena beds; when I said that I could really trespass no longer upon his working hours, he pointed out the beauty of a hedge of hollyupon his working hours, he pointed out the beauty of a hedge of holly-hocks that was blossoming for the first time this season. 'It is too warm a day to work,' said he, 'and I don't believe it was ever intended that a man should slave at his desk with Nature in so seductive a mood as this. No, I will loaf to-day and work harder when a cool day comes.' Last Saturday, you remember, was as cool as a day in October, so I said to myself, as I walked briskly past the home of Pitticus: 'I will not disturb my friend to-day, for set it is so cool he will be working with might and main'. had not gone far when I heard his voice calling my name. 'Come back, come back,' he cried; 'I have a roaring fire on my library hearth—it is the first of the season, and you must enjoy it with

SO I RETURNED, and sat down in a great leather-covered chair before the wood fire on the library hearth. Pitticus sat on the other side of the fireplace in an equally comfortable chair, and beother side of the fireplace in an equally comfortable chair, and began tinkering at the logs. 'I suppose you have done an enormous amount of work this morning,' said I; 'you remember what you said about working on cool days.' Pitticus hit the back-log a smart blow with the tongs. 'I know I made some such foolish speech as that,' he replied, 'but how can a man work in a room with the first wood fire of the season crackling on his hearth? It is impossible. To begin with, the fire needs constant attention; and then again, it is such company! A man can't work with the most congenial companion by his side. Every flash of the flames, every snap of a twig is a suggestion. The warmth says: "Come closer and I will

embrace you," and the red coals say: "Read me if you would read an entertaining tale." So I draw closer to the flame, and gaze into the coals, while the ink dries on my pen and the wind blows my papers about the room. But there is inspiration in the fire that will make itself felt some evening when it is too cool to sit on the piazza and too warm to light the fire: then I will have no distractions, but will be able to grind out copy at the rate of three thousand words an hour.'

I SPOKE WORDS of wisdom to Pitticus, and told him that he was wasting precious time; but he only smiled a pitying smile, and reminded me that he was a writer of books, and not, like me, an editor-ridden journalist.

AMONG THE THINGS saved from the rubbish when the home AMONG THE THINGS saved from the rubbish when the nome of the late Henry Ward Beecher was broken up at his death were two leather-bound books in which he had kept his farm accounts. They cover a long period of time, and in them are to be found the record of his gains and losses as an experimental farmer. The accounts were carefully but not neatly kept; and right in among the tables of dollars and cents, corn and potatoes, turnips, cabbages, etc., will be found descriptions of flowers or trees. In one instance etc., will be found descriptions of flowers or trees. In one instance several pages are given up to lamenting the death of his farmer. It is a pity that there is so little of this running comment. A little more and we should have had the material for a charming little book; but as it stands, it is entirely too fragmentary for the dignity of print. It is, however, very characteristic of Mr. Beecher and must be highly prized by his widow, who luckly rescued it from the ragman's cart. How much a man whose life was as busy as Mr. Beecher's, and who lived so entirely among his fellowmen during the greater part of the year, must have enjoyed the days he spent in the country! There was never a man who found more pleasure in a daisy or a dandelion, yet where could you find one more absolutely engrossed in his work among men than he?

DR. HOWARD CROSBY is another such, in this respect. He is not only busily engaged throughout the winter in his church du-ties, but he takes an active part in solving all the practical prob-lems of the day, and never has a minute except at his meals when he is not intensely occupied. In the summer, at Pine Hill in the Catskills, he renews his youth in climbing the mountains and following up the course of streams. He has a genius for finding springs, and will discover them on mountain-tops where old mountaineers declare that none exist. Everything about his little farm is of consuming interest: the grass, the vegetables, the cow and the chickens for a while supplant high license and the West-minster Catechism in his thought, though of an evening, if you wish to discuss those questions to the music of the babbling brook wish to discuss those questions to the music of the babbling brook that runs before his cottage door, he is as alert and interested as in midwinter. Then there was Horace Greeley at his Chappaqua farm; and coming down to date again, we have Charles A. Dana at Dosoris Island. Mr. Dana would rather discuss bulbs than politics with you any day; and he would have to be an experienced warmer who should give the editor of the Sun any points on the rotation of groups. tation of crops.

THE ALWAYS DELIGHTFUL English edition of La Couturière contains in the current number an ambiguous oracle, whispered as it were in a pause of its prattle about 'cloacks' and 'plates,' which we transcribe verbally and literally :-

The very travelling America has admitted the plan of adopting trousers ad forsake the skirt. Here some have much laughed and made fun of. However, the idea has grown and made a long way for there is at New York a group of charming and young ladies most rich and elegant who keep that up. Only misses and ladies have not fallen in the exageration that we believe; they will not oblige us to become androgynus. tion that we believe; they will not oblige us to become androgynus. They are not willing that we leave our graces or charm so as to cut our hair and so become missed boys; we shall remain thorough women but a special costume is looked for travelling, trunting, racing,—so as the amazone has been created exclusively for riding; the base of that costume will naturally be the trousers; but which one. Will it be short held in gaiters with a small skirt like certain hunting fitting? . . . Will they be inspired from the oriental puffing trousers who are more full and more discret than our present skirts? That is the question. I thought I should not leave unknown the revolution they are doing above the ocean. Let us not be ignorant of the symptoms. When the moment will come the french dressmaker will be as uswal at the heighth of the circumstances. of the circumstances.

The 'missed boy,' alas, is always with us; but although we have been 'trunting,' as La Couturière would say, with assiduity, we have hitherto failed to discover any 'symptoms' of the alleged new fashion. Trousers 'who' are so 'discret' as to elude observation will scarcely 'do' much of a revolution, I think.

THE HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN deplores the thirst for no-toriety which seems to be undermining the very bases of society. Serious and sustained effort in literature and other departments of intellectual activity has become almost impossible, he thinks, as a consequence of the popular rage for attention. I wonder what Mr. Chamberlain will say to the following letter received the other day by a clippings bureau in this city:—

HER MAJESTY'S SHIP THRUSH,

HER MAJESTY'S SHIP THRUSH,

HALIFAX, N. S., Aug. 18, 1890.}

SIR:—I shall be obliged if you will send me press cuttings from United States and Canadian papers relative to Prince George of Wales and to the Thrush, addressing them to Sargeon W. E. Home, Royal Navy, Her Majesty's Ship Thrush, Halifax, N. S. I should like to have any you can get from the 20th July onward. I have the honor to be, etc.,

M. PAUL MOEHRING.

W. E. HOME.

Prince George, by the way, is the young gentleman who, when the man-of-war on which he and his elder brother were travel-ling came into port after a long cruise, is said to have called upon Albert Victor to get out his fiddle 'and play "God save your Grandmother."

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON was born on Sept. 18, 1709, and died on Dec. 13, 1784. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was born on Aug. 29, 1809, and until Dec. 13, 1884, often amused himself in his leisure moments by looking in his Boswell to see what the Great Cham of Literature was doing, at the same age, just one hundred years be-fore. He is now six years older (as ages are usually reckoned) than Dr. Johnson was when he died; but he himself is one of those fortunates of whom he has said that 'it is better to be seventy years young than forty years old.' The Autocrat was eighty-one years young 'yesterday (Friday). May he live to be a thousand!

The Office of Literary Critic

[The Boston Herald]

MR. HOWELLS, in the August Harper's, makes a wholesale on-slaught upon the literary critic, especially the anonymous critic of the newspapers, and says plainly that he is bad mannered and in-competent, and a nuisance to literature. He would compel him to sign his name to his critical work, and to remember that the most he can do is to appreciate literature, not to create it or direct it.

Mr. Howells himself occupies the position of literary critic, and
when he was editor of *The Atlantic* was constantly expressing his judgment upon living authors from behind the veil. He knows what it is to cut and slash into other men's work, and since he has become an author he understands how the author himself feels when a critic has played the mischief with him. He is now holding the office of a personal critic of literature, and with a large portion of his literary comments we gladly agree. He is delicately appreciative of good work, and can say the right thing about the books which come within the range of his critical power, but, much as he has written about literary criticism, we fear that in some points he hardly understands its office. His latest critical essay leads one to this conclusion. He demands chiefly the creative and appreciative functions in the reviewer, but insists that he shall discharge these functions under conditions which restrict the freedom of his opinion. He is out of all patience with the anonymous critic, and thinks that he has no place in letters. This is evidence that Mr. Howells fails to discern the conditions on which the best critical work must be done. We have in literary papers both signed and unsigned critical articles, but in dealing with current literature it is next to impossible to obtain candid and thorough criticism from persons who sign their names to their contributions. An instance of this is seen in the two principal literary journals in England, The Athenaum and The Academy. The Athenaum takes the lead and carries most weight, because its writers, though not more able than those in *The Academy*, are able to speak with definiteness and precision, without fear of giving personal offence. In *The Academy* the writers are often eminent persons whose names give a certain weight to their opinions, but the critical value of their

give a certain weight to their opinions, but the critical value of their work is inferior to that of The Athenaum.

In this country, which Mr. Howells has more definitely in mind, we have not more than half a dozen daily or weekly journals whose critical judgments of current literature carry weight and count for more than book advertising. This is the opinion of publishers regarding our critical work, and also the opinion of those who follow our literary development with interest. Literary criticism in the United States was never at so low an ebb. Mr. Howells is justified in what he says of the anonymous American critic. He is dreadful in his blunders. in his bad manners, and in the venom which is to in his blunders, in his bad manners, and in the venom which is too often characteristic of his work. This is due to the fact that but dittle attention is paid to critical writing. It is thrown out of the magazines; it has a precarious existence in the weekly papers; it

lacks authority in the purely literary journals, and very few of the principal dailies employ critical writers who are competent for their principal dailies employ critical writers who are competent as task. This tells against a present condition rather than against task. Good critical work is as task. This tells against a present contained the character of the anonymous critic. Good critical work is as much needed as it ever was, and it is as thoroughly appreciated wherever it can be found. There are reviews and special criticisms in our best newspapers which would not do discredit to the late Sainte Beuve or to the late Matthew Arnold or to the author of the Journal Intime,' and these critical papers are usually unsigned and represent the best critical writing in the country. Every one knows where to look for the criticism of an important book, and, though the name of the writer is not signed to it, it is not difficult to find out who wrote it. At the same time, the fact that the name is not given allows the writer a freedom in the expression of his opinion, and puts upon him an impersonal responsibility that could not be had by one who signed his name to his work. The editor of *The* had by one who signed his name to his work. The editor of *The Nineteenth Century* has attempted to use prominent authors and persons as critics of current books, and the result is a painful failure. The great names say the good things and indulge in common-places, and their criticism is valueless. Even Mr. Gladstone shows up badly in this line of work.

The ablest critical writing in the English language is found in the London Spectator, and, though it is understood that this work is principally done by two or three men, it has been successful largely because Mr. Hutton and his associates have refrained from putting their names to their work. Mr. Howells himself is an instance of the failure of personal critical writing to meet the conditions of good criticism. He has lost his temper quite perceptibly again and again since he took charge of the 'Editor's Study,' because he has attempted to make his notions of what literature ought to be in his special lines of imaginative work, the standard by which all literary productions should be judged. Mr. Howells is a delightful writer, clear, delicate, discriminating, and, within limits, delightful writer, clear, delicate, discriminating, and, within limits, an excellent critic, but in setting himself up as a literary Rhadamanthus, he has imposed critical standards, which are good only for certain kinds of writing, upon the general public, as if they were of universal application. If he had kept to the simple office of a literary critic, judging literature according to the general principles which govern good work and in conformity to the plan and purpose which each write had in view he would not have shown his lack which each writer had in view, he would not have shown his of the critical instinct in such unsatisfactory writing as is found in the August Harper's. The literary critic might not be able to write a novel like Mr. James or Mr. Howells, but he ought to be able to give both of these writers points for the improvement of their work. It is the office of such a critic, not to judge new works their work. It is the office of such a crute, not to judge and to say by conventional standards, but to enter into their aim and to say whether they accomplish what the author set out to do. The candid judgment of important books is of great value both to authors and to readers. Mr. Howells quotes Canon Farrar as sayauthors and to readers. Mr. Howells quotes Canon Farrar as saying that he never had profited by reading what the critics said about him, but if he had profited by their censures of his literary methods, he might have been admitted to-day into the front rank of English authors, which the late Mr. Arnold declared had been closed to him because he had never learned how to profit by criticism. Mr. Howells is himself too good a writer, and is too successful in his chosen lines of work, to be led into the semi personal bandying of terms which disfigures his essay. His censure of our critical work is deserved, but it is not to be improved by the method which he suggests.

A Lecture in Defence of Lectures

[The Pall Mall Budget, August 7.]

PROF. MAX MULLER delivered the inaugural address at the opening of the University Extension Lectures, at Oxford, this week. In spite of the popularity of the Extension Lectures, at Oxford, this week. In spite of the popularity of the Extension Lectures there are some who hold that lectures are a mere survival of the Middle Ages, and that books and books alone are sufficient to the intellectual needs of the present day. It is against such attacks that Professor Max Müller has defended lecturing. Some extracts from his address follow. Having commented upon the inordinate length of lectures—which ought not to last more than three-quarters of an hour—Professor Max Müller went on to discuss audiences.

'Our audiences are generally too large, or, I should rather say, they are too mixed. This is a very serious drawback, particularly from the lecturer's point of view. If we aim at one target we may possibly hit it; if we have to aim at two or three or four, we are almost sure to miss them all. Here also I speak feelingly. It might be supposed that, in a university which is protected by a matriculation examination, this difficulty did not exist. But it does exist. We have in Oxford the ablest and best-taught young men, who need not fear comparison with the first-class men of any other country. But we have also a very large number of students to whom real academic teaching can be of no use whatever. I shall give you one instance of what happened to me—not at Oxford, for one ought not to tell tales out of school—but at the Royal Institution in London. The audience there is certainly the most enlightened, the most brilliant, the most learned and critical audience one has to face anywhere in the world—but it is mixed. Years ago, when it was still necessary to prove that Hebrew was not the primitive language of all mankind, I had devoted a whole lecture to showing the impossibility of this opinion. I explained how it arose, and I placed before my audience a complete genealogical tree of the Aryan and Semitic languages, where everybody could see with his own eyes the place which Hebrew really holds in the historical pedigree of human speech. After the lecture was over, one of my audience came up to me to shake hands and thank me for having shown so clearly how all languages, including Sanskrit and English, were derived from Hebrew, the language spoken in Paradise by Adam and Eve.

'Inagine my consternation! I well remember how I went to Faraday, who had listened to my lecture, and told him that after that it really was no use lecturing any more. He smiled, and with a twinkle in his dark eyes, he said:—"You need not complain. I have been lecturing in this Institution for many years, and over and over again, after I have explained and shown before their very eyes how water consists of hydrogen and oxygen, some stately dowager will march up to me after the lecture and say in a confidential whisper, 'Now, Mr. Faraday, you don't really mean to say that this water here in your tumbler is nothing but hydrogen and oxygen?' Go on lecturing," he said, "something will always stick." I believe Faraday was right. Something will always stick, and light will sometimes spring from the very densest confusion of thought in which a pupil leaves the lecture-room.

'It has been said that, when there is a really good book, it is better to read that book than to attend a course of lectures. This sounds very plausible, no doubt. 'The best books on any subject must contain more valuable and more trustworthy information than can possibly be claimed by each of the ninety-nine professors who lecture on the same subject. But supposing that there is such a best book—one of those mythical Hundred Best Books of which we have heard so much of late—that book may be a monument of industry, a storehouse of learning, a perfect work of genius; but is it the best book, therefore, for the purposes of teaching?

It is by no means necessary that every lecturer should be an original genius, a great discoverer, or an eloquent orator. What is necessary is that he should be an honest man, a man who has acquired his knowledge by patient study, who has made it entirely his own, and who feels so perfectly at home in his own subject that he is willing to answer any reasonable questions that may be addressed to him, without being ashamed to say occasionally, 'I don't know.' That kind of lecturer does not simply teach facts; his object is to teach how to master the facts, how to arrange, how to digest, how to remember them. He knows his own struggles in acquiring knowledge, and he fights, as it were, his own battles over once more before the eyes of his pupils. If he has faith in what he teaches, his voice appeals more powerfully to our imagination than a silent page. No italics, no signs of exclamation, can equal in impressiveness the natural emphasis of conviction that issues at times, like an electric current, from the voice of a teacher, or even of the most unimpassioned preacher.

'And as to our annual gatherings here at Oxford, though they have been called mere picnics, we know that they are more than that, and that they have borne good fruit. They are no doubt intended as a mixture of what is sweet and what is useful. A fortnight or a month spent at Oxford at the best time of the year is certainly delightful, and it is meant to be so. But I believe it is also a lesson, and it may be a very important lesson. The mere sight of our venerable and beautiful University, so full of historical memories, wherever you look, must leave on those who come to visit us an impression of reverence for what is old and of sympathy for what is young. Ruins are very eloquent, but Oxford is not all ruins. You all know the story of the young American lady who was lost in admiration in the cloisters of Magdalen College. Suddenly a window was opened, and a young man looked out. "Oh, my!" she exclaimed, "are these ruins inhabited?" Yes, they are inhabited; these old ruins of ours are full of young life. I remember many years ago another visitor at Oxford, Frederick William IV., the King of Prussia. He also was lost in admiration of our ruins. "Gentlemen," he said, when he left us, "Oxford is a wonderful place; everything old in it is young, everything young is old." In these few words you have the whole secret of the political and social life of England—reverence of the past, faith in the future. And here is a lesson which Oxford can teach and does teach without any lecturer and without any book.'

[The lecture is printed in full in the August New Review.]

Cardinal Newman

(The Athenaum, August 16, 1890.]

'In the grave, whither thou goest.'

O WEARY Champion of the Cross, lie still:
Sleep thou at length the all-embracing sleep:
Long was thy sowing day, rest now and reap:
Thy fast was long, feast now thy spirit's fill.
Yea, take thy fill of love, because thy will
Chose love not in the shallows but the deep:
Thy tides were springtides, set against the neap
Of calmer souls: thy flood rebuked their rill.
Now night has come to thee – please God, of rest:
So some time must it come to every man;
To first and last, where many last are first.
Now fixed and finished thine eternal plan,
Thy best has done its best, thy worst its worst:
Thy best its best, please God, thy best its best.
CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

PEACE to the virgin heart, the crystal brain!
Peace for one hour through all the camps of thought!
Our subtlest mind has rent the veil of pain,
Has found the truth he sought.

Who knows what page those new-born eyes have read? If this set creed, or that, or none be best?—
Let no strife jar above this sacred head;
Peace for a saint at rest!

EDMUND GOSSE.

The Fine Arts

THE editor of *The Portfolio* has a short article on 'Constable's Sketches' in the August number, which is acceptably illustrated with photographic reproductions of sketches of 'Abingdon,' 'A Windmill' and 'St. Mary's Church, Colchester,' in chalk, and of 'A View on the Stour' and 'Buildings and Trees' in wash. The essay is mainly an attempt at classification. The frontispiece of the number is a clever etching by H. Manesse of 'A Dutch Interior,' by Peter de Hooghe, in the Peel collection at the British National Gallery. Another good etching is 'The Hills of Morven,' by Colin Hunter, illustrating an article on 'The West Coast of Scotland' by Alfred J. Church, which is further illustrated by process reproductions of drawings by Pennell and Hunter of the river-like Lock Fyne, Duntulm Castle, Tarbert, and the island of Kerrera. Mr. Pennell still accompanies Mr. Justin McCarthy in his strolls between Charing Cross and St. Paul's, and gives us several views in the Strand, including one etching. Mr. McCarthy's talk winds up with a characteristic anecdote of Thackeray.

—In the September Magazine of Art, current art at the Grosvenor Gallery is illustrated by a clever woodcut of T. Graham's picture 'The Last Boat,' and a process reproduction of Mrs. Adrian Stokes's 'Light of Light'—a new and striking conception of the Madonna. An excellent full-page wood-cut portrait of the artist Orchardson, by himself, is also included. F. Mabel Robinson writes of Francis I. as an art patron, and gives a view of the Palace of Chambord. Cosmo Monkhouse reports, in verse, a lecture delivered 'At the Academy' by a heavy-weight critic to an artist who is evidently no adept at making enemies. The two are pictured for us by Harry Furniss. Aimé Morot and Ernest Hébert are represented—the former by a portrait, the latter by a fine wood-engraving of his 'Aux Héros sans Gloire'—in Claude Phillips's article on 'The Modern Schools of Painting and Sculpture.' George du Maurier talks on book illustrating—'from the serious artist's point of view.' He thinks that the illustrator exists for the benefit of those good people who are incapable of 'visualizing what they read,' and cites as examples of the best modern illustration Menzel's cuts in the Life of Frederick the Great. Mr. Charles Herbert Moore's book on Gothic architecture is criticised by R. Phené Spiers; and there is an illustrated article on Stonyhurst College by Percy Fitzgerald.

Current Criticism

BROWNING'S GREAT LEARNING.—Robert Browning, he said, slept within the Abbey walls among his kinsmen the poets. He was one of the most original thinkers of this generation, and his thoughts had no relation to those of any other poet. As he himself said, 'I have no connection with any other establishment.' He did not write of nature, as Wordsworth and Shelley, considering the incidents in the development of the human soul as the only subject worthy of a poet's notice. He was more a philosopher

than a poet: in his writings he sometimes dispensed with the form of poetry, and the versification and grammar are often harsh. He dealt, not with abstract ideas, but with the soul clothed in circumstance, human nature in its higher phases. He had written on Christian themes—'Lazarus' and 'St. John'—as had other poets. His delineations in these cases are truer. Some are at first offended at his queer fancies, the beauty of which in time they may come to appreciate. His obscurity of style has given rise to many ingenious discussions. This he shared with many other ancient philosophers and poets; they wrote on, whether they were understood or not. He wished to put as much thought as possible into his work, to have as much meat in the egg as he could, to use his own expression. It was not till the middle period of his life that he was popular. His early education was deficient, and he had no university training (though to one college in Oxford he attached himself with peculiar affection), yet his own efforts made him one of the most learned men in Europe.—Prof. Jowett, at Westminster Abbev.

ELECTRICITY IN FICTION.—The tendency of authors to use electricity to assist in the working out of their plots has of late been very marked. Some startling effects are secured in a new romance by following the possibilities of electricity and showing that the relatively inconceivable is by no means the absolutely impossible. The hero is an experimenter in electric pathology, who restores his patients who have lost their vital force by his own peculiar electric appliances. Another character thinks he is a storage battery. He recharges himself by touching persons brimming with vital force, and the victims of this deprivation are left to die, unless they are found by the beneficent hero. In another story, the publication of which may be shortly looked for, the author utilizes the idea that the invisible dust floating in the air fixes itself, in conjunction with the exhalations of the breath, on the surface of objects exposed to it, and that this film receives an imprint of passing incidents which may afterwards be developed in the same way as the photographer's negative. A murder has been committed in a rocm in which there is a large mirror. The room is immediately shut up, and no trace of the murderer is ever discovered. Years after, an electrician with a taste for photography comes by chance to the house, and hearing the story of the murder resolves to put his theories to the test. The mirror is taken down and treated as a negative, and by the instantaneous flash of an electric light of immense power a picture is developed on its surface which reveals the whole history of the murder.—The New York Sun.

WHAT MAKES BEAUTY?—Beauty is a result of race, of circumstances, such as personal freedom and mode of life, and of continuous diet, not of intelligence, and still less of the acquisition of knowledge, which latter can only benefit the individual, whose features are fixed past serious change before study is even begun. A man or a woman inherits his or her face, and mental habitude, though it may greatly affect its meaning, can no more alter its

shape than assiduous training can turn a smooth fox-terrier into the wiry kind from Airedale. It may even be doubted, strange as many will deem the assertion, whether continuous education will preduce beauty, whether the growth of intelligence will even in ages yield the physical result which we notice the authors of Utopias always assume, as if it were a scientifically demonstrable consequence of the new society. The most beautiful black race in Africa, a tribe in Nyassaland, on whose looks even missionaries grow eloquent, and who are really as perfect as bronze statues, are as ignorant as fishes, and though they have discovered the use of fire, have never risen to the conception of clothes of any kind. The Otaheitan, when discovered, was as uncultured as the Papuan now is; yet the former approached as nearly to positive beauty as the latter does to positive deformity. The keenest race in Asia, and, as all who know them assert, the strongest in character, the Chinese, is decidedly the ugliest of semi-civilized mankind; while the Hindoo, if sufficiently fed, is, even when as ignorant as an animal, almost invariably handsome. The Circassians, who know nothing, and are rather stupid than exceptionally intelligent, are physically a faultless race, far more so than the Germans, who, though the best trained people in the world, display a marked commonness of feature, as if the great sculptor, Nature, had used good clay, but taken no trouble about the modelling. Some of the very ablest among them belong to the flat-nosed, puffy-cheeked, loose lipped variety.— The Spectator.

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN ON CURRENT LITERATURE.—Mr. Chamberlain came out of the library, an alert figure with the air of thirty, and the animation and repose which our young imitators of Englishmen fail to get the acting secret of; a clear-cut face, shaven like a monk; blue, unmonk-like eyes; dark thick hair above a good forehead, a diplomat's ready speech and a hearty man's unaffected cordiality; gray checked morning clothes, a gray Derby hat in his hand, and a dislike of personalities in his heart. He was willing to talk of great international subjects, but none the less willing to argue about the relative values of personal topics. 'Present history is very well,' he said, 'when it concerns what a man is and does, but I am bound to say that I believe that sensational newspapers are responsible for the present tendencies of literature. There is no chance for a man to write a magnum opus. People are too busy reading the account of the peccadilloes of the great to have time or thought for serious reading. I do not condemn the tone of American sensational newspapers merely; it is the same in England. It is like a perpetual feeding on sweetmeats; the system has not power to assimilate what is needed of solid food. There is Kipling, writing now in England, with all the world reading his stories of Indian life. They are good enough stories—the scenes in India, and the life and action good. But I don't believe that the man can ever write a sustained work. He must write for an immediate market. People are perpetually eager for sc me new thing. This is one great reason for the restlessness of life—the perpetual craving for the new thing. The personalities of too many newspapers are not of the sort that make plain the life or the graces of a people. They gloat for the vulgar mind upon the lapses of the great, and these are made excuses to the common mind for its own shortcomings. This has much to do with the restlessness and superficial equalities of life to-day.—

Notes.

THOMAS NELSON & SONS will publish, early in September, 'The Marvelcus Finger New Testament,' a curious specimen of printing and binding, which exhibits the properties of the 'Oxford India Paper,' and weighs in limp binding about three-quarters of an ounce, is only one inch in width, three and a half inches in length, and one-third of an inch in thickness, yet contains 552 pages.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will begin to publish on Saturday, Sept. 6, the Riverside Edition of the Works of James Russell Lowell, the literary essays in four volumes, political essays in one, literary and political addresses in one, and poems in four. There will be one etched and two steel portraits. A large-paper edition will be limited to three hundred copies for America, all of which have been taken. This new edition, which will comprise all of Mr. Lowell's writings that he wishes to preserve, and will include several addresses and papers not contained in previously published volumes, has been carefully revised by the author. There is to be a full index to the prose writings, and a table of first lines of the poems.

—The same publishers will issue on the date named 'Economic and Social History of New England: 1620-1789,' by William B. Weeden of Providence, the manufacturer and writer on economic subjects; Part I. of 'Architectural Antiquities' (Vol. X. of *The Gentleman's Magazine* Library); a popular edition of Emerson's 'Na-

ture, Lectures, and Addresses, and Representative Men'; a Family Edition of 'Lucile'; Aldrich's 'Prudence Palfrey,' in the Riverside Paper Series, and selections from the writings of Robert Browning and Mrs Whitney, uniform with the Calendar books of Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, etc.

—'Kirk Munroe,' the popular writer of books for boys, not to be outdone by Zola, has been travelling around for ten days on a West Shore pass that gave him the privilege of riding in a Pulman sleeper, on top of a freight-car, in the engine or caboose, or wherever else, he saw fit to ensconce himself for the nonce, the purpose of his trip being to gather material for a realistic railroad story.

—J. B. Lippincott Co.'s announcements include 'The Distribution of Wealth,' by Rufus Cope; 'Hermetic Philosophy,' by J. S. McDonald, and an Aldine edition of the 'Rejected Addresses' of James and Horace Smith, limited to 250 copies for America.

—Macmillan & Co. will soon publish a limited edition of 'The Fossil Insects of North America, with Notes on Some European Species,' by Samuel H. Scudder, who is already well known for his books on entomology. The work will be in two volumes, the first of which will be devoted to 'The Pretertiary Insects,' and will contain thirty-five plates.

—Henrik Jæger's Life of Ibsen, translated by Wm. Morton Payne, will be issued by A. C. McClurg & Co. of Chicago with four portraits of the subject, a portrait of his wife, views of his boyhood home, etc. Ibsen, who continues his quiet life at Munich, has begun a new drama. His son, Dr. Sigurd Ibsen, is engaged upon a book on the relations between Norway and Sweden. Like his famous father, he is a malcontent.

-Mr. Whittier has written thus, in relation to the poem by him recently read at Concord:-

Having no opportunity to write anything new, I thought of a poem read at Woodstock, Conn., on the Fourth of July, 1833, and published at that time in the New York Independent, which might not be inappropriate. I had no copy of the poem with me, but I sent a part of it which I remembered, not supposing it would be regarded as newly written. My friend Lowell, who used to tell me that I was rather inclined to repeat myself, muy find in this last example of self-plagiarism a proof of the correctness of his good-natured criticism.

Let us a Support of Cond Company Spring the Plind Mon

—In Lee & Shepard's Good Company Series, 'The Blind Men and the Devil' will be followed by 'In Trust; or, Dr. Bertrand's Household,' by Amanda M. Douglass, and 'Three Million Dollars,' by Oliver Optic.

—Harold Frederic's series of weekly articles in the New York Times, on 'An Empire's Young Chief' (the German Emperor), was concluded last Sunday. It will be republished in book form. Mr. Frederic ('H. F.') is the London correspondent of the Times, and a contributor of fiction to Scribner's Magazine. In his last cable letter from London he gave this bit of literary gossip:—

During the last fortnight the English rights of Sir Edwin Arnold's new book, 'The Light of the World,' have been hawked about among London publishers, but thus far unsuccessfully, the reason being that nobody is willing to pay the price demanded, \$25,000. The agent asserts that this is the price already paid for the American rights, but the trade here is unable to credit this statement.

—Mr. Philip J. Arcularius Harper, senior member of the firm of Harper & Bros., has retired from business. The vacancies caused by this retirement and the death last spring of Mr. Fletcher Harper have been filled by Mr. James Thorne Harper, a half-brother of the retiring member and son of the late ex-Mayor James Harper, and Mr. Horatio R. Harper, a son of Mr. John W. Harper, the second member of the present firm.

second member of the present firm.

—Mr. John C. Nimmo of 14 King William Street, Strand, London, announces a limited edition of the works of the late Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Bart.; and also a few large-paper copies with the engraved illustrations in duplicate, and the initial letters and rules of the text printed in red. This autumn the first of the series will appear—'The Annals of the Artists of Spain,' in four volumes, with the author's latest additions, etc., the original woodcuts and steel-engravings, and twelve additional engravings from subjects chosen by Sir William himself. In the spring of 1891 will appear 'The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles the Fifth,' in one volume, including notices of the Emperor Charles the Fifth

in 1555 and 1556, not previously published. This will be followed up by a volume of miscellanies, comprising a memoir of the author and a bibliography of his literary and artistic productions, as well as a selection from his privately printed pamphlets on various subjects.

jects.

—G. P. Putnam's Sons announce 'The Unwritten Constitution of the United States,' by Prof. Christopher G. Tiedeman of the University of Missouri; 'The Battle of Manassas,' a reply to Gen. J. E. Johnston by Gen. G. T. Beaureguard; 'The Trees of Northeastern America, by Charles S. Newhall, with illustrations from the tracings of leaves; 'Dust and its Dangers,' by T. M. Prudden, M.D.; 'Little Venice, and Other Stories,' by Grace Denio Litchfield; 'Gilbert Elgar's Son,' by Harriet E. Davis; 'A Young Macedonian; or, From Troy to the Tigris with Alexander the Great,' by the Rev. Alfred J. Church; a revised edition, from new plates, of Caroline Tilton's translation of 'Holland and Its People,' by De Amicis; a second edition of 'The Best Books,' by Wm. Swan Sonnenschein, brought down to 1888; and 'Good-Living,' a cookery book by Sara Van Buren Brugière.

—Mr. Lang, who may be described as a dispassionate enthusiast, says that Kipling's 'Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes' is 'a nightmare more perfect and terrible, I think, than anything of Edgar Poe's.' What will Mr. Haggard say to this? Is Mr. Lang 'off with the old love'?

—Dr. Charles F. Deems writes to us that a distinguished Jewish scholar has asked him who wrote the translation of Goethe's beautiful words, beginning—

'Without haste! without rest!'
Bind the motto to thy breast.

'When it was inserted in 'Hymns for All Christians,' I did not know the authorship. Afterward the late Christopher C. Cox, M.D., formerly Lieut.-Gov. of Maryland, informed me that he made the translation. Goethe wrote the original poem in 1768.'

—The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle will begin its fourteenth year of reading this autumn. The course will include English language, history and literature, geology and readings from French literature. Among the writers who will contribute the required readings are Profs. Edward Freeman, George P. Fisher, A. S. Hill, Henry A. Beers and Alexander Winchell, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford and Bishop John F. Hurst. Mr. John Habberton is President of the new class which is now taking up the course of the Chautauqua Reading Circle. One of the Vice-Presidents is Mrs. Helen Campbell.

—In noticing the new bound volume of *The Critic*, the editor of *The Independent* graciously remarks:—'There is nothing in it that we have not read carefully from week to week since January last, and which is not filed away within easy reach. . . . One is always ready to be pleased at *The Critic's* alertness and wit.'

—An important feature of the next volume of *The Century* will be a series of papers on 'Tibet,' written by an American traveler, Mr. W. Woodville Rockhill, formerly of the American diplomatic service, who has recently returned from a long and perilous journey through the heart of Asia. For seven hundred miles he passed through a country where no white man had ever set foot, journeying in disguise. The articles will be fully illustrated. A series of separate papers on American newspapers will appear in the same volume. Mr. William Henry Smith, Manager of the Associated Press, will write on 'The Press as a News-gatherer,' and Gen. H. V. Boynton, the veteran correspondent at Washington, will also be a contributor to the series.

—Forthcoming Knickerbocker Nuggets are 'Representative Irish Stories,' compiled by W. B. Yeats; 'Love-Poems of Three Centuries,' compiled by Jessie F. O'Donnell; and Dr. Johnson's 'Rasselas.' The next literary gems will be Carlyle's 'Nibelungen Lied,' Ruskin's 'King of the Golden River,' Froude's 'Science of History,' Mrs. Browning's 'Sonnets from the Portuguese,' Sheriden's 'School for Scandal,' and Wm. Allen Butler's 'Nothing to Wear.'

— The Athenaum somewhat prematurely records the death of 'the Rev. R. Collyer, a popular writer and preacher in the United States, by birth a Yorkshireman.' Doubtless the late Rev. Robert Laird Collier is the gentleman referred to. The 'Yorkshireman' still lives.

—It is proposed to honor the memory of John Boyle O'Reilly by setting apart an alcove in the new Public Library building in Boston, to contain as complete a collection as possible of Celtic works. Says the Boston Advertiser:—

The establishment of a Celtic department was one of Mr. O'Reilly's pet projects, to which he had given much thought and attention. There

is now in the possession of the Trustees of the Public Library a list of books covering Celtic history and literature which Mr. O'Reilly himself had prepared, and which he hoped, at some time, to see upon the shelves of the library. Some of the books thus suggested have already been procured, but there are many which are yet to be bought and which are rare and costly. The establishment of a fund which should serve to realize the dream which the poet-journalist had conceived would be to him a better monument than one of bronze or granite. The O'Reilly alreasy might also contain a bust or portrait or even both of O'Reilly alcove might also contain a bust or portrait, or even both, of the man whose name the alcove and collection should bear, which would serve to render the memorial perfect.

—On Sept. 20 F. J. Schulte & Co. of Chicago will publish 'A Kentucky Colonel,' by Opie P. Read.

In the Commercial Advertiser and other papers Mr. Edgar L. Wakeman describes an evening at the home in Dumfries of the granddaughter and great-granddaughter of Robert Burns. 'The cheery, handsome, white-haired hostess,' Mrs. Thomas Brown, a lady sixty years of age, who sang for her guests, 'Of a' the Airts the Wind can Blaw, is the surviving daughter of Robert Burns, Jr., the poet's oldest son, who died in 1857, at the age of seventy years. 'His early education was chiefly the charge of Burns himself, and with him, hand in hand, he wandered again and again in every loved haunt of Nithsdale from Criffel on the Solway to Friar's Carse, above Ellisland.' Of the great-granddaughter, Mr. Wakeman speaks in these terms :-

There stood a fair young woman in whose face was repeated every lineament of the poet's. Her hair was raven black, her brow was broad and high, the eyes like flaming orbs, the nose perfectly chiselled, the mouth large, impassioned, tender, and the chin full, rounded and dimpled. It was indeed Burns's face, chastened and softened by the pure soul of a woman looking through it.

—James B. Lyon of Albany announces for Oct. I 'The New Corporation Laws of the State of New York, with Forms of Certificates under the Various Acts,' by Frank White, Examiner of Corporations in the office of the Secretary of State.

-Mrs. Mary E. Maxwell (née Braddon) sends to The Athenaum

I am credited in a glowing advertisement with the authorship of a sensational romance called 'Tiger-Head; or, The Ghost of the Avalanche,' now being published in the New York Sunday Mercury. Now I never wrote a story called 'Tiger-Head; or, The Ghost of the Avalanche,' nor any story which could by any possibility be described by such a title, and I beg to protest most earnestly against this misuse of my name. In the words of the great Burke I may say, 'My errors, if any, are my own. I bear no man's proxy.'

—A scholarly Philadelphia journalist writes to us to say:— 'Would it not be interesting to find if any one reads Newman? He is undeniably the first stylist of the century, but I never meet any one who reads him, and I do not believe there is an author of his rank so little read in the libraries.' A Life of Cardinal Newman, by R. H. Hutton, will be published in September as the first volume of a series of English Leaders of Religion.

— Our Early Presidents, their Wives and Children, by Mrs. Harriet Taylor Upton, is in the press of D. Lothrop Co., Boston. It will present authentic likenesses.

-C. F. S. Warren printed in *The Athenaum* of July 26 two lists of versions of the 'Dies Iræ' in the English language, the first being British and the second American. It is noteworthy that while the former begins in 1621, it contains but 87 entries, while the American list, dating only from 1841, contains 92. The two lists are complete, so far as the compiler has been able to make them so. Among the earliest American versions are those of Mrs. Margaret J. Preston of Lexington, Va. (1851), and Dr. Abraham Coles of Scotch Plains, N. J. (1859)—two poets who are still living.

—'In the Literary Lobby' is the title of an interesting department of the Brooklyn *Times*, in which we find these words on Mr. James Lane Allen of Lexington, Ky., a writer whose work is well-known to readers of THE CRITIC:—

I met Allen in the heart of the blue grass country, on the steps of an house built by Henry Clay. He is a man wholly without consciousness of manner, a man with a serious face and a penetrating eye; not altogether what a New Yorker would think of calling a Southerner in his style, yet by observation and comparison unmistakably stamped with traits belonging to the intellectual types of the South. Like every other Southern writer Allen was discovered by the North. It is an anomaly, this Southern apathy toward Southern writers. Nobody seems wholly capable of explaining it, for when a pretty good theory is constructed it is difficult to see why the assumed conditions should not militate against writers in other sections of the country. The Fouth does not affirmatively despise or maltreat the literary genuises it has produced; it simply does not see them, neglects them, all but refuses them. There was to

me something immensely significant and touching in Allen's remark as he grasped my hand in parting: 'One thing always delights me,' he said; 'when I visit the North, every literary man greets me as a brother.' Allen's writings have a strong and a sensitive touch. They are illuminated by a human sentiment that is genuine beyond cavil. We may always expect from him much that is filled with feeling and power.

-James Lane Allen will contribute to the September Harper's a description of The Mountain Passes of the Cumberland, and of the industrial development now in progess in the mountainous districts of eastern Kentucky.

The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

OUESTIONS

1568 .- Who wrote these lines, quoted by Gladstone on the death of Robert Peel in 1850?

Now is the mighty pillar broke The beacon light all quenched in smoke The trumpet's silver tone is stilled The warders silent on the hill.

W. R. W.

1569.—Can you tell me anything about a book called 'Toxocology of the Talmud and Sanscrit,' claimed to have been written in Constantinople?

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

1570.—Where are the following lines to be found? Well roars the storm to those who hear A deeper voice across the storm.

AUBURNDALE, MASS.

H. A. M.

15.71—By what process and at what probable cost could the descent of a family be traced in the Herald's College, London? And would the family name and photograph of the crest be sufficient data? Are there any accessible works of heraldry containing a complete list of all crests and coats-of-arms?

KITTRELL, N. C.

1572.—Where can I find, in print, the song commemorating Gen. Jackson's victory at New Orleans? The first stanza runs thus :—

I suppose you've heard how New Orleans Is famed for wealth and beauty. There are girls of every hue From snowy white to sooty.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1573 .- Can any one tell me the authorship of the following quotations?

- Death is unconscious change;
 Change, conscious death.
- 2. Evil is only the slave of Good, Sorrow the servant of Joy, And the soul is mad that refuses foo From the meanest in God's employ.
- 3. All passes. Art alone
 Enduring stays to us;
 The bust outlasts the throne,
 The coin, Tiberius.
- Still to fools the fleeting pleasure Buys the lasting pain.
- 5. Only a woman knows a woman's need.
- 6. There is nothing lighter than vain praise.
- 7. We never can overdo the luck that can never be.

A. E. G.

Publications Received

[Recrivt of new Jublications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

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